

AN ELEGY

On the Learned and Zealous Minister of the Gospel,

Mr. Christopher Fowler,

Who departed this Life on Monday the 15th of January, 1677.

ARt thou gone too, great and couragious mind !
And must we fear even those are left behind ?
Lord, stay thy hand and cause thy wrath to cease,
And call not home so fast our Sons of Peace.
If Heaven do call so fast for Saints to come,
Who will be left on Earth to supply their room ?
The Reverend zealous FOWLER's dead ; alas,
What sadder news to us could come to pass !
Shall I then weep alone ? come every eye,
Pity such dust as his should e're lie dry :
Come every eye with tears his Coffin wet ;
It is not what is given, but a debt.
When Vice grows rampant, and Socinians say }
They hope to triumph in a blessed day,
To have our second Luther snatcht away : }
How did he teeze the Quaker by the Word,
And with his reas'ning pierc'd him as a Sword ?
Socinus Cause he level'd to the ground ;
And Popery the same fate from him found.
Now where's thy Judgment, Memory and Tongue,
That durst speak Truth when Scoffers came in throng !
And was not plagu'd with an inglorious sloth
To hug thy self, but dared to come forth
Into the open field, whil'st crafty Fox
Lurkt in the Bushes to devour the Flock.
Where's thy rich fancy, man ? to who beneath
Didst thou thy rich and Gospel-strain bequeath ?
Tell us for thy own sake, for none but he
That hath thy Wit can write thy Elegy :
Those flattering Arts which Poets use to save
Decaying-Reputations in the Grave,
Are here but vain, for no Hyperbole
Can tell the World how great thy Merits be ;
And History it self can say no more
Than what thy Learning told the World before :
Thy Gospel-Sermons did declare thy worth :
Thy Expositions set thy Learning forth.

And whil'st we here lament thy being gone,
Angels with *Anthems* welcom thee at home :
Fowler ! whose conversation free from ill,
Can't be expres'd, but by an Angels Quill ;
To those that mock't and scoft at him, I'll say,
He's safely lodg'd in Heav'n out o' their way.
He'd not delight in sinners way to stand,
But as the Angel with drawn Sword in's hand,
That so their ruine might prevented be,
By him who was Gods Seer, and did see.
He lov'd his God, his King, his Country's Cause,
And was not led or tempted by Applause.
Now let the worst of men snarl at his flight,
And bark as Curs do at the Morning-light ;
By them who e're writes truth of him, will be
Slandered with byas, or with flattery.
But flattery can never reach his state,
We only praise to make men imitate ;
And so must speak in sober terms, for know, }
If Saints in Heaven can hear things here below }
They'l no man thank that flatteries bestow.
Hee's dead, let's imitate his Life, that we
Dying like him, may live eternally.

EPITAPH.

REader stand off, and thy due distance keep,
For in this Grave a Friend of Christ doth sleep ;
The Reverend FOWLER's dust lyes in this bed,
His Soul, that Bird of Paradise is fled
To th' Heavenly Mansions, there to sit and sing,
Glory and praises to his heavenly King.
Stay but a while, his Lord will come again,
And take his very Dust that doth remain.

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